

THURSDAY, MAY 29, 1919

# *Reedy's* MIRROR

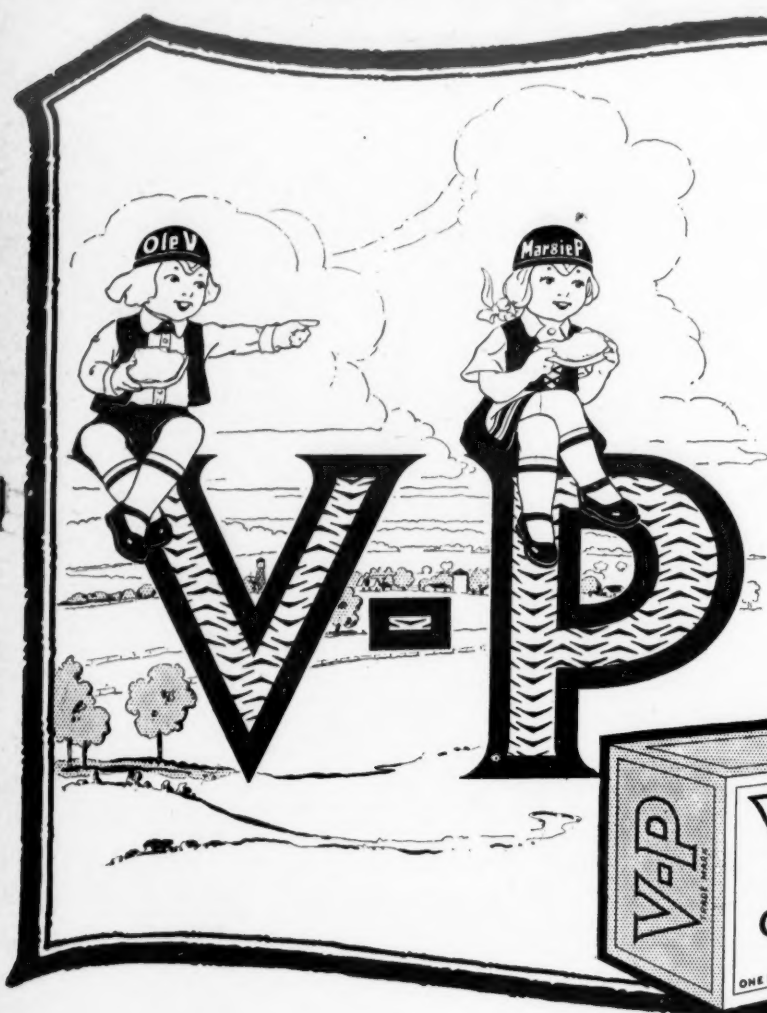


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### New Books Received

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THE EROTIC MOTIVE IN LITERATURE by Alfred Mordell. New York: Boni & Liveright, \$1.75.

The author here psycho-analyzes such various matters as Kipling's "The Brushwood Boy," the love life of Edgar Allan Poe, the "Brownie" dreams of Robert Louis Stevenson and the poetry of Wordsworth and Browning. Mr. Mordell is not a follower of tradition. This book will be approached with interest by those who remember the author's former works: "The Shifting of Literary Values" and "Dante and Other Waning Classics."

LAD: A Dog by Albert Payson Terhune. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co., \$1.75.

This is a book destined to a place in the library of every dog owner. LAD is a very real dog and many thousands of readers have read about him before in the writings of Mr. Terhune, the veteran and kindly journalist. There are thirteen stories about this dog, each one memorable for its affectionate interpretation of dog character.

SYNCOPE by Robert Decamp Leland. New York: Poetry Drama Co., \$2.

A poem in blank verse, occasionally overlapping into free verse, in which the author endeavors and measurably succeeds in producing a general effect as of a ragtime impression of life.

FUTURIST STORIES by Margery Verner Reed. New York: Mitchell Kennerley.

A prettily printed booklet sufficiently described in its title. There are twenty of these stories, done in the futurist manner. They are interesting examples in their kind. They are very effective when once the reader "gets" them.

DINSMORE ELY: ONE WHO SERVED. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co., \$1.25.

This is a book of beauty and pathos. It is made up of the letters of the youth, Dinsmore Ely, who went to the war and did not come back. There is a prelude to the correspondence by the boy's father, Dr. James O. Ely of Winnetka, Ill. The quality of the writer and of the letters may be taken from one line in one of them which now serves as Dinsmore's epitaph in the cemetery at Versailles: "It is an investment, not a loss, when a man dies for his country."

TYPES OF PAN by Keith Preston. Boston: Houghton-Mifflin Co., \$1.25.

An artistically printed book in which are presented the contributions of Mr. Preston, under the pseudonym of "Pan" to the famous "colyum" in the Chicago Tribune, "A Line o' Type or Two," conducted by B. L. T. Mr. Preston is now assistant professor of classical languages at Northwestern University and is himself the conductor of a "colyum" known as "The Periscope," appearing on the book page of the Chicago Daily News. Mr. Preston has a touch in verse at once light and kindly. His Horatian paraphrases have a delightful urbanity. Every page contains something effective and quite in the most modern phase of humor.

STORIES AND STORY-TELLING IN MODERN RELIGIOUS EDUCATION by Edward Porter St. John. Chicago: The Pilgrim Press.

This is a revised edition of a book appearing originally in 1910. The author is professor of pedagogy in the Hartford School of Religious Pedagogy. The work is quite well known among teachers.

THE JUNIORS AND HOW TO TRAIN THEM by Maud Junkin Baldwin. Philadelphia: Westminster Press.

A volume prepared for the purpose of assisting those chosen to teach the group known as the Junior Department, composed of boys and girls from nine to twelve years of age, in the Sunday school. The author dedicates the book to her first Juniors, who taught her more than she taught them.

THOROUGHLY FURNISHED by H. T. J. Coleman. Philadelphia: Westminster Press.

A course in standard teacher training as approved by the Sunday School Council of Evangelical Denominations and the International Sunday School Association. The author is dean of the faculty of education in Queen's University, Kingston, Ontario.

ANATOLE FRANCE by Louis Piaget Shanks. Chicago: Open Court Publishing Co.

A biography and critical estimate of the work of the greatest living ironist. The author is assistant professor of romance languages and literature in the University of Wisconsin. A special merit of the volume is that it contains the ideas of France expressed largely in his own words. The whole field of France's activities during more than forty years is thoroughly covered.

THE SOUL IN SUFFERING by Robert S. Carroll, M. D. New York: Macmillan & Co., \$2.

A physician discourses upon his experiences with the souls of the sick. He regards suffering as a reality. He brings into harmony the practical benefits of the accuracies of medical science and the highest aspirations of religion. Dr. Carroll is medical director of Highland Hospital, Asheville, N. C.

MOLIERE by Philip Moeller. New York: Alfred A. Knopf, \$1.50.

A review of this play as presented upon the stage by the Washington Square Players by Mr. Silas Bent appeared in the issue of REEDY'S MIRROR of May 8th, 1919. The volume is a companion to "Madame Sand" and "Five Somewhat Historical Plays."

NURSERY RHYMES OF NEW YORK CITY by Louis How. New York: Alfred A. Knopf, \$1.

Whimsical rhymes interpreting and making fun of the Gothamite. They are considerably above the level of newspaper verse in their cleverness. Mr. How is known as a translator from the Spanish, French and Italian. He is a native of St. Louis and a graduate of Harvard. Miss Zoe Akins contributes an appreciative paragraph on these rhymes to the jacket unwrapping them.



# REEDY'S MIRROR

Vol. XXVIII. No. 21

ST. LOUIS, THURSDAY, MAY 29, 1919

PRICE TEN CENTS

## REEDY'S MIRROR

SYNDICATE TRUST BUILDING.

Telephones: Bell, Main 2147; Kinloch, Central 745.

All business communications should be addressed "Business Manager," REEDY'S MIRROR.

Entered at the Post Office at St. Louis, Mo., U. S. A., as second-class matter.

Terms of subscription to REEDY'S MIRROR, including postage in the United States and Mexico, \$3.00 per year; \$1.60 for six months; in Canada, Central and South America, \$3.50 per year; \$2.10 for six months. Subscriptions to all foreign countries, \$4.00 per year.

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**WILLIAM M. REEDY, Editor and Proprietor**

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## The League Under Fire

By William Marion Reedy

WITH both radicals and reactionaries denouncing the League of Nations covenant and the peace terms to Germany plain folks must incline to believe that both documents represent about the best that there was to be obtained from the clashing interests at Paris. The show does not come up to its advance notices. It couldn't. But the thing for us to consider is what the results of the conference would have been if the mark aimed at had not been set almost impossibly high. President Wilson comes in for most blame for the great gulf between promise and performance; but if he had not appealed to the impossibilist idealism of the world exactly as he did, the results at Versailles would have been much more disheartening than they are. The President could not bring the cynical and wary diplomats to render much more than lip-service to his Utopian proposals. And we must not forget either that it was not alone the politicians who demanded "an eye for an eye." The people in England, France and Italy and, indeed, in this country, to some extent, clamored that Germany should pay all the expenses of the war and that the victors should get something more than moral prestige for their sacrifices. Against the assertion of the policy that Germany be shackled, Wilson's counsels of perfection were of no avail. The penalties upon Germany are severe. Admitting this, we cannot overlook the fact that, to some people's thinking, the terms are not severe enough. German opinion on this subject is not of overwhelming weight. They fought an outrageous war and lost it and they have to pay a calamitous price. Europe insisted upon security and how could the United States, who suffered least in the war, hold out against it? But it is not fair to say that the Allies have enriched themselves territorially in what they have taken from Germany. Most of the territory taken from Germany is to be administered mandatorily. The Saar Valley and the regions ripped from her on the east represent the precaution against future aggressions on her part. Because Germany says she cannot pay, it is not necessarily true. We know Germany. The tone of her complaints today carries something of the arrogance of her utterances in 1914. It is not of a quality to assure us that she acknowledges either defeat or wrong-doing. Still, when all this is said, the fact remains that it will be unwise to enforce conditions that will enslave the German people. That would set a cancer in the very heart of Europe. There can be no peace such as the world wants if Germany is to be shut out of the League of Nations. Let Germany sign the terms and we will find out whether they are too hard to be complied with. If they are, we can soften them. We shall have to do so in self defence.

The League covenant is under terrific fire. To my thinking the League does definitely but one thing; that is, it provides for debate, deliberation and arbitration before there can be any resort to war. All the remainder of the document is, with the many restrictions and qualifications, with the requirements for unanimity precedent to action, not much more than the expression of a pious aspiration. That any of the nations signatory are committed to anything abdicative of sovereignty, except agreement to arbitration, is not demonstrable. Of

all the absurdities urged against the League the worst is the assertion that the League may be dominated by the people of the black, yellow and brown races. There is no absolute provision concerning either peace or war other than that the Big Five will talk it over. That some of the territorial re-arrangements under the covenant hold the promise of many wars is true; but the great nations of the league will confine the fire. The League should be ratified as soon as possible to guarantee some immediate stability in Europe. It is the only thing that can prevent the spread of revolution. That the great nations or their representatives feel that the main thing necessary is to get the League to working is shown by their readiness to leave certain matters, upon which they originally insisted as uncompromisable, to future adjustment by the League in being. The League can handle in cooler blood things that might easily have disrupted the Conference. The great error of the opponents of the League is that they wanted the Conference to do everything all at once; they wanted everything covered in the constitution, leaving nothing to the legislature of the League. The covenant will operate through its interpretation and application by the Council. To reject the League would be simply to throw the world into chaos.

That the covenant was secretly negotiated is bad. That Mr. Wilson has not achieved an ideal League or a perfect treaty of peace is apparent. That the treaty is withheld from examination by Parliament, Chamber of Deputies and Congress is suspicious. That nothing has been done about Russia is disastrous. The rumored recognition of Kolchak's Government is ominous of trouble because it is believed that Kolchak is backed by the reactionary elements in Russia who have a strong leaning towards Germany. It does not appear that Kolchak is to any extent representative of the Russian people. The treatment of China in the matter of Kiaou-Chiaou and Shantung does not assure us that the League has set its face against the aggressions upon weaker peoples. Italy's claim for Fiume still hangs fire. That is not wholesome. The promise of the President to propose an understanding that this country will go to the defense of France in case of attack by Germany suggests an alliance within the League. It cannot be denied that there are too many things about the League and treaty upon which the people have not been informed. All these things help those who would smash the League. The President, for all his talking, has not kept us well informed as to what has been going on. Still, nothing has yet developed to justify the scrapping of those known agreements that have been reached at Paris. Without the League there is nothing upon which the world can lean for peace but armaments. The League is not perfect, but it is the only thing we have. All we can do is trust it and try it out remembering that even the League will function under the dread of that public or world opinion which is now so severely critical of it. The framers of the League had to leave something to Providence. The people can reckon with the League if it really keeps the word of promise to their ear but breaks it to their hope. It does not realize all their hopes of it. But it is better than nothing, better than what we had before. It doesn't satisfy the jingoes. It doesn't satisfy the Socialists. The world is neither fire-breathing jingo nor internationalist, nor class conscious. The world is a compromising world and it will accept the League, and if it doesn't work will build another upon this League's foundation.



# "There Is but One Ireland"

By William Marion Reedy

SIR HORACE PLUNKETT is one of the most noted of living Irishmen. He was the chairman of that Conference in 1917-18 which drew up a home rule plan that was turned down because Ulster, under the leadership of Sir Edward Carson, was irreconcilably opposed to any form of home rule. The conference report was received by Parliament, pigeon-holed, and then Irish conscription was determined on but never carried out. Next came the proclamation of the Irish Republic and that was met by coercive military measures still in progress with "soviets" practically controlling Belfast and Limerick for a while. Sir Horace Plunkett promoted agricultural organization in Ireland, introduced co-operative dairying and marketing of farm products, as far back as 1889. He founded the Irish Agricultural Organization Society and was Vice-President of the Department of Agriculture and Technical Instruction for Ireland 1899-1907, and chairman of the Congested Districts Board. He is the son of Baron Dunsany and Anne, daughter of Baron Sherburne, an Eton boy, an Oxford man, with many degrees, and an author of note. A famous work of his was "An Appeal to Ulster Not to Desert Ireland" in 1914. He is a home ruler, not a Sinn Feiner. With General Gough and Stephen Gwynne he is a middle course man as to Irish politics, but he is highly esteemed by all factions for his fairness of mind and for his eminent practicality in affairs. He wrote a book on problems of rural life here, after a visit in 1910. Recently he visited this country again, and upon his return to Dublin wrote a letter to the London *Times* on the Irish question and the American attitude thereto. That letter is important; now that the Sinn Fein delegates knock at the peace conference door; now that Lloyd George has declined to see those delegates because of clamour against his agreement to do so; now that American-Irish peace commissioners visiting Ireland have been denounced throughout England as meddlers and busybodies; now that the American Irish commission has asked the President to get the Irish Republic (Sinn Fein) delegates a hearing before the conference. The letter admits the solidarity of Ireland, except for a small group in northeast Ulster. No better showing that Britain bungles things in Ireland, has been made. Sir Horace still hopes for an Irish compromise, though agreeing that extremist Ireland was never stronger or better supported by American opinion. His letter is condensed here.

Sir Horace thinks that, no matter what her grievances against Great Britain, Ireland should have gone into the war with her last man. There was a formidable case for demanding first a political settlement in accordance with the proposed principles on which the war was being fought, but it could have waited. Many Nationalists, now dead, acted upon this conviction. While an Irish settlement is an essential foundation of a lasting peace he does not think the Peace Conference can be relied upon to settle it, because such a body might, for example, favor partition of Ireland in an unthinkable form. He believes in a much wider measure of self-government than might formerly have sufficed, but not in an Irish Republic. Irish failure to follow the United States into the war made a change in American sentiment with regard to Irish demands, but the Americans blame the British Government. Opinion in America "has been driven by the closely-watched course of the British Government in Ireland during the war, into sympathy with extreme Irish opinion and its new demands." This attitude, however, is "quite open to reconsideration; but not until something definite and irrevocable is done, in proof of good faith, towards an Irish settlement. And I assert emphat-

ically that not only is the Irish Question more active in the domestic politics of the United States than at any time since the early eighties, but that it is also a dominant factor in their foreign policy. It is felt that, in the peace settlement, President Wilson's principles must be applied to the Irish case."

English policy in Ireland is that there must be no outside interference. Sir Horace wrote before the flare-up over the visit of the Americans, Messrs. Walsh, Dunne and Ryan, to Ireland, and their effort to get the Sinn Fein delegation a hearing before the Paris conference, and before Lloyd George's declination to receive the American commissioners in Ireland's behalf. "No steps can safely be taken by the Government," said Chief Secretary Macpherson, "to alter the present system of government," on account of "the lawless condition of the country, with which he proposed to deal firmly." Then came a recital of outrages by the Irish extremists—"presumably," says Sir Horace, "to demonstrate the safety of leaving things as they are."

Sir Horace sees that it would have been very helpful if the American delegates to Paris could have raised the question of Ireland in the peace settlement, but he understands why they could not. Wilsonian principles should be applied to Ireland's case because of "the paramount importance of friendly co-operation between the democracies of the United States and of the British Empire." As a result of his recent visit to this country, he "has personal knowledge of the extreme injury which is done to these relations by keeping open the Irish sore. \* \* \* If President Wilson's world policy means anything, it is that the public opinion of the world is in future to support the rule of right rather than the rule of force, and that it may be focussed even upon internal questions where this principle seems to be contravened."

In Dublin a Republic has been set up alongside of "the Castle." "So far the two have not come into more than verbal conflict. Throughout the country grave symptoms of unrest are almost universal, and there are sporadic outrages which Sinn Fein cannot desire and the Government cannot control. Meanwhile, there is the inevitable demand for more coercion, and more troops to back it." The "last ditch" Unionists demand the "firm hand." They say the present excitement will then die down as did the long drawn out agony of agrarian agitation a century ago. But this is only one-half of the precedent. "British statesmen, beginning with Gladstone and ending with Wyndham, conceded the whole of the agrarian demand. In the present case none of the political demand has been conceded, unless the creation of an Irish Parliament and its internment in the Statute Book can be called a concession. At best we have been asked what we would like not to get. In the result, those of us who are striving to concentrate the best thought of Ireland upon the problems of reconstruction, against the time when representative and responsible government can be set up, are paralysed. Unless an immediate settlement is reached the country will shortly become ungovernable either by England or by Ireland itself."

Things cannot be left as they are. Sir Horace has views as to what ought to be done, now. "Often, half in jest, in the last quarter of a century," he says, "I have said that nothing but a world war would settle the Irish question, and when that calamity befell I did think that some reality was going to be given to the phrase, 'the one bright spot' (Premier Asquith said, in the first weeks of the war, surveying the situation throughout the empire, that Ireland was 'the one bright spot.') The opportunity came in April of last year, when the Coalition Government and the Ulster Unionist lead-

ers together threw it away. Let there be drift, said Sir Edward Carson, and there was drift." A settlement could have been had then, based not upon necessity but upon good will.

"As things are now, it is useless to offer a restricted form of self-government. Ireland must be given the status of a self-governing Dominion. Upon the strategic questions raised by the propinquity of the two islands, the Peace Conference in being, and the League of Nations to come, will make it easy to avoid conflict between British and Irish opinion. The Convention was clear and unanimous upon the necessities of Imperial defense as long as there is any Empire. As to fear of a hostile fiscal policy in Ireland, my own belief is that a contented, self-governing Ireland would at once enter into commercial arrangements with Great Britain which would be tantamount in practice to the present system of Free Trade."

The course to be followed in the ultimate settlement is not a choice of evils but of difficulties. "The direction of the greatest difficulty, and certainly of the greatest resistance, is leaving things as they are. The most hopeful course is to give to the Irish people as nearly what they are asking for as the interests of that people (which I, personally, believe are almost identical with the interests of the other peoples in the British Isles) permit. Partition, in the only thinkable form of county option, I believe to be neither desirable nor anywhere in Ireland desired. I admit fully the claim of part of Ulster to special consideration based on the difference of its economic life from that of the rest of Ireland. Within the scope of a Dominion there is ample room for provincial rights; but, if one thing has been made clear by all that has happened in the recent attempts to deal with the Irish problem, it is that, while there may be many solutions, there is but one Ireland."

The appeal of the representative of the Irish Republic in Paris to Secretary of State Lansing for a hearing before the Peace Conference, has been laid before President Wilson, but is unanswered. Messrs. Walsh, Dunne and Ryan, the American emissaries of an Irish settlement, are on the way home. Their visit to Ireland only brought out a big Sinn Fein demonstration there, and a great deal of indignation and some vituperation in England. The effect of their Irish visit caused Lloyd George to call off an appointment for an interview with them. Irish forces occupy Limerick and other cities. There is an army of occupation, 150,000 strong in Ireland. The Parliament of the Irish Republic is still in session, and it will not listen to any compromise on a middle course. It declares for complete, absolute independence for Ireland, or nothing. Sir Horace Plunkett, moderate though to be, concedes that "there is but one Ireland." The American commission implies that the oneness is Sinn Fein. Even Ulster is honeycombed with Sinn Fein. Why, then, can there not be self-determination for Ireland by the overwhelming majority that definitely promises fair treatment of the dwindled Ulsterite minority?

Surely if the League of Nations is to be workable, there need be no British dread that an independent Ireland at England's door will enter into an alliance with some enemy of Great Britain. Surely the economic differences between the agricultural South and the industrial North of Ireland are not unadjustable. We adjust fairly well the sectional economic conflicts in the United States. The British Socialists and the labor parties in England are for Irish home rule, if not for Irish independence. The Liberal party favors home rule. The deadlock is explained by some people upon the basis of religious rancor between Protestants and Catholics, but there



are many Protestant home rulers and Sinn Feiners. And religious proscription or persecution nowadays is almost unthinkable, notwithstanding the fear of the American Presbyterian conference, as expressed at St. Louis, the other day, that an Irish Republic, or even home rule, would jeopardize Irish Presbyterians' liberties.

Great Britain says Ulster must not be coerced, but Nationalist Ireland is coerced, and Nationalist Ireland is the majority—the vast majority. Sir Horace Plunkett admits this. The Sinn Feiners swept Ireland in the last election. They swept aside not only the Unionists but the home rulers. The verdict of that plebiscite is not to be disputed. The middle-course men, like Sir Horace Plunkett, Stephen Gwynne and General Gough are very few. Sir Horace practically concedes the cause for the Irish Republic, in his letter, when we consider that the Irish people at the recent election repudiated home rule. They don't want to be a Dominion, like Canada. They have self-determined what they want. It is independence. They have never consented to British rule. They are held in the empire by force or the threat of force. And the right of force is repudiated by the world.

It is maintained by some that economic independence for Ireland is impossible. It is said that the Empire has "carried" Ireland. Yes; but the British have no right to be in Ireland. The Empire "carries" Ireland only because Ireland has been so fettered economically, so drained of her man-power that her productiveness has been crippled, while taxation has not relaxed in the least. Her greatest trade, both buying and selling, is with England, but the British control the banks, the railroads, all industries directly or indirectly. Britain destroyed the Southern ports. Even if Britain has to "carry" Ireland financially, it is only in line with compensation and reparation for this centuries-old sabotage that she should do so. Ireland is poor because British rule has made her so. Ireland can manage economically, if Jugo-Slavia or Czecho-Slavia can. Belfast industrialism flourishes through the fostering of allied English interests that give it a monopoly. The argument that Ireland cannot walk upon her own legs is a fallacy, and she hasn't had a chance even to try to walk in two hundred years. All that has been conceded to Ireland by British Government in the matter of the devolution of the land to the people, has been futile, because it falls short of giving the Irish people a chance to develop. It has kept them down to dependent peasantry, and the initiative, energetic Irish have continued to leave the country for opportunity elsewhere.

The situation, then, seems to be this: Great Britain must give Ireland freedom, or Ireland must be driven to revolution. Sir Horace Plunkett's moderate proposals might be effective, but, neither North nor South Ireland will have any of them. The Nationalist parliamentary party is dead and decomposed. Doubtless Great Britain can crush an Irish revolution as she crushed the Easter insurrection in 1916. But will the public opinion, the moral sense of the world, stand for such a performance? Hardly, if we judge by the way that public opinion and that moral sense rose against Prussianism's attempt at subjugation.

The case of Ireland may smash the League of Nations unless it is settled right. In the League, Great Britain is not the predominant partner, though she is the chief beneficiary. The United States is the dominant partner, and public opinion here favors Ireland's freedom—the freedom of the Irish majority. It is doubtful now that the United States will lend its moral support to Britain to maintain the subjection of the Irish. Sir Horace Plunkett has said it indirectly. With Ireland coerced and, as Francis Hackett says, confiscated, there will be no possibility of "friendly co-operation between the democracies of the United States and the British Empire." Without that co-operation the League of Nations will go to pieces. For the people will

rule, finally. There was an excuse for holding Ireland while Britain was militarily and navally menaced. That excuse is now invalid. The democracies of the United States and Great Britain know it. Suppression of imminent Irish revolution will inaugurate an English revolution. And the United States will not help to suppress either or both. Nor will France. On the other hand—listen to Sir Horace Plunkett: "If President Wilson's world policy means anything, it is that the public opinion of the world is in future to support the rule of right rather than the rule of force, and that it may be focussed even upon internal questions, where this principle seems to be contravened."

"There is but one Ireland." There is but one solution of the Irish question. That is freedom for Ireland. Great Britain dreads it. But crucified Ireland is a greater menace, not only to Great Britain but to the peace of the world. The civilized world has an interest in free Ireland and must insist upon it. Civilization is more worth than British pride and obstinacy in perpetuating the rank injustice of her violence against "Dark Rosaleen."

\*\*\*

## The Old Court House

By Edgar Lee Masters

WHO remembers the old court house  
Of architecture Roman and Grecian,  
Renaissance and composite,  
With Great Corinthian columns  
And heavy eaves  
And dark hall-ways and court rooms  
Of lofty ceilings and gas chandeliers?  
It vanished like a painted curtain!

And at 9:30 o'clock  
Morning after morning,  
The lawyers who are gone  
Hustled through its doors  
With books and briefs,  
Breathless,  
Concentrated upon the great cause.  
Some confident and smiling,  
Others puzzled, muttering to themselves . . .  
Gone is John Geeting  
Who whittled a legal point till it broke,  
Like a lead pencil,  
Gone is Allan Story of elusive expedients.  
Gone is William J. Hynes orotund and imperturbable.  
Gone is Capt. Black, pale as his faded ideals.  
Gone is Adolph Moses the Rambler in legal fields.  
Gone is Edwin Walker clothed with the authority of wisdom.  
Gone is Dick Prendergast of the scoriac sneer.

What oratory resounded under its roof:  
We want justice and only justice:  
We want truth and the truth alone;  
Absurd proposition! Logical solecism!  
The ignorance of opposing counsel!  
*Obiter dictum!*  
With respect to your honor,  
Your honor errs!

And Judge Payne  
Sometimes sardonic and sometimes genial,  
Mows down the fritinant fledgling  
And the sclerotic Polonius.  
And Judge Hanecy has a first call  
Of ten thousand cases,  
Cutting the leaves of the calendar  
With the sword of Justice—Clip!—Zip!—Rip!  
And says to protestants:  
Stand on the constitution in the hall, Kosciuszko!  
And Judge Baker hits the legal anvil  
With a sledge hammer,  
And blows a terrible bellows,  
Throwing sparks on terrified counsel.  
And Judge Tuley strokes his beard and smiles.

And Judge Gary says to a lawyer,  
You lost your hat, did you?  
Well, people lose whole suits in this room!  
And Judge Goggin hears a *habeas corpus*,  
And arrests the witnesses instead of the accused.  
And Judge Windles stands by his slot machine;  
You get your legal weight for the asking, but no tune!

Judge Stein by force of habit  
Out of the depths of slumber  
Says: Over-ruled.

Where is a lawyer named Tubb  
Whose argument was swallowed up  
In the explosions of his own voice?  
And Joe David who could be heard a mile?  
And Frank Walker who paced like a lion  
Up and down before the jury,  
Defying hell?

Joe David is Judge David.  
Frank Walker has turned to the Vedanta philosophy.  
A new brood  
Invokes the rule in Shelley's case,  
And cries:  
We want justice  
We want truth

The old court house and the old lawyers,  
Have vanished like a painted curtain.  
There are new drops, new wings,  
New lights.  
But the play is the old play:  
Justice which is not wanted,  
And truth which is hidden.

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## Reflections

By William Marion Reedy

*Luxury and Other Taxes*

FROM every quarter comes demand for a repeal of the so-called luxury taxes. Their collection and its cost are so difficult and expensive as to make their yield hardly worth considering. They operate as a blight upon business. They deter purchases and make for difficulty in sales. The chief virtue that is urged in their behalf is that they impress upon people's minds that the people have to pay for government. It is urged in this connection that when people realize they are paying they will give more attention to the manner in which their money is spent. This is a remote benefit to offset an immediate inconvenience and annoyance. The luxury taxes, however, have a greater value than this, in that they enforce the lesson that all taxes are a discouragement to business. From this we deduce the conclusion that nothing should be taxed but those things that we want to get rid of. All taxes diminish the supply of that upon which they are levied. All, that is, except land. That is fixed in quantity. It can not be either increased or decreased. A tax on land values tends only to stop speculation in land. Such a tax is desirable. It tends to bring land into use, which means productiveness. A tax on land values makes wealth. All other taxes take wealth from the makers of wealth. To the extent that they do this, they relieve of taxation those who rake in the land values created by everybody and not adequately taxed at all. President Wilson favors the repeal of the luxury taxes by Congress. But he favors the retention of other taxes on production. He's in favor even of a little protective tariff. He needs considerable education in economics.

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*Reforms (?) for India.*

GREAT BRITAIN is going to do something to appease the hostile feeling in India, concerning which Mr. Eustace Carlton-Cooper wrote the article "Satyagraha" in last week's MIRROR. An Indian Reform bill will be introduced in the Commons early in June, as Edwin S. Montagu, Secretary of State for India, announced in Parliament last Saturday.



This bill will carry out the recommendations of the Montagu-Chelmsford report for certain reforms looking toward self-government. Baron Chelmsford, associated with Mr. Montagu, is the Viceroy of India. The bill is designed to improve conditions which brought about the "passive resistance" strike against British rule, which evolved into rioting in many cities of India. Mr. Montagu's speech in the Commons, on Saturday, said nothing about the Rowlatt act of the Indian Council, designed to break up agitation for self-government, except that the first thing in the new Indian policy would be "the maintenance of order." After that, investigation of the causes of disorders and their removal, where possible. Then, generally speaking, to make India what may be described as a union of "self-governing countries, entrusted with the custody of their own well-being as partners in the great freedom-loving British commonwealth." A bit grandiloquent, that, but let it go.

The Montagu-Chelmsford report, made early in 1918, proposed vesting responsibility in local legislatures to be made up of directly elected members, with as broad a franchise basis as Indian conditions will permit. The vice-regal legislature to be bi-cameral, the second chamber thereof to be a council of state. After due inquiry a mechanism is to be provided for devolution of control to the people on subjects upon which they may be shown to be competent to act. There is to be a special select committee on Indian affairs in the House of Commons, an Indian privy council and a council of princes. Local bodies are to be under complete popular control. These bodies will be legislatures for the provinces. The government of India is to remain wholly responsible to Parliament, but the provinces are to have the largest measure of independence, in legislative, administrative and financial matters, of the Indian government. This looks like rather generous provision for Indian home rule.

But Indian agitators are not satisfied with it, because the proposals are political and touch not on economics at all. So far as appears, they are edified "to protect capital, credit and indeed property, without discrimination," to quote the report itself. There is the land question, as everywhere, first. Two-thirds of the population are supported by agriculture and cattle raising, as compared with three-tenths in this country. This is an area of somewhat less than two billion square miles. These people are to have a voice in affairs, but says Sailendra Nath Ghose, if they attempt anything innovative, the Governor General may intervene and veto it as threatening the stability of the country. The government reserves the power to protect itself against the *ryots* (farmers) and the *ryots* against themselves. Moreover, it seems the franchise is to be granted only to selected classes, and the *ryots* generally are not included. Mr. Ghose wants India to become an industrial country, but this it cannot be, he says, because British manufacturers do not want it so, and he points to the countervailing excise duty on locally manufactured cotton goods as proof. He cites the report's complaint, that although the peasant's standard of living has improved somewhat, "there is still no great margin of taxable capacity." The *ryot* thinks he is taxed to his full capacity and more. The British government is looking for something to tax. It's an odd idea that industry can be helped by taxing it. India is to be industrialized as "an ordnance base for protective operation in eastern theaters of war." To protect India herself? Only incidentally. The Governor General in Council is to have veto power over any tariff measure inimical to British interests. Likewise, the proposals provide for vetoes of such measures as may jeopardize "vested interests," or interfere with Christian missions or with pensioners. The Government reserves the power "to protect any industry from prejudicial attack or privileged competition." British industries are to have the privileges. The proposals are "fixed" to suppress agrarianism, socialism, taxation of land values and

that sort of thing. The native will have political power that stops at economic affairs. With economic matters beyond native legislative control, the political control by the natives in a worthless mockery.

The reforms do not touch the chief grievances of India. They do not even approach the question of poverty always a famine's edge. They offer no remedy for the exploitation under which, while Indians are dying of famine, food is being shipped out of India. It is because the chief evils are economic that Hindus and Mohammedans have sunk their religious differences and united in M. Gandhi's Satyagraha movement of protest. Political power without power over economic affairs is no power at all. The Indians are offered no opportunity to control India's natural resources for India. Those resources are to be used for the British empire, which means British financial and commercial interests in control of the British Government. Mr. Sailendra Nath Ghose implies, in an article in the *Dial*, that the Montagu-Chelmsford proposals embodied in the Indian Reform bill are designed "to emasculate opposition without meeting the demands of India, and solving the root cause of the agitation" that manifests itself in riots throughout the country. The movement for separation from the empire will continue until economic grievances are remedied. And Satyagraha, or passive resistance, will not long hold out as against the urge of those forces which are organizing for direct action.

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#### For a New Military Justice.

"A BILL to establish military justice," proposed by Lieut.-Col. Samuel T. Ansell, is to be introduced in the Senate by Mr. Chamberlain, of Oregon. Lieut.-Col. Ansell is the officer whose protest against the combination of craziness and savagery in the ruling of courts martial during the war stirred the public and got him into bad odor with his superiors. Secretary Baker objected to his method of urging reforms, but told him to frame a law embodying his ideas and the War Department would back it if it found the measure acceptable. It is not true that Secretary Baker tried to choke off Ansell. He only disapproved of Ansell's way of going ahead in spite of the regulations.

This bill that Ansell has framed is a good one. It supersedes personal military power with public law—puts the law above the army that administers the law. Courts martial are to be courts of judicial power, judicially exercised. Those courts must provide for fair and impartial trial, as under civil law. The punishment of offenders is to be fixed by the law, not by the military commander. The law does away with the old-time arbitrariness of procedure and execution. It considers that the soldier is first a citizen, that his soldier status is an incident, that his citizen rights come first. It strikes at caste and preferences in matters of justice. Publicity supplants dark-lanternism in procedure. A soldier may prefer charges as well as an officer. The law proposes to have fewer trials by general court. There is to be more careful sifting of charges and less carrying of trivial cases from the inferior courts. Summary courts martial are to be hedged about with restrictions that will require a special coolness in the adjudging officer. The judge advocate is to be in the court in the relation of a judge to a jury. The accused shall have the right to have counsel. There is to be a specially qualified officer to prosecute in the name of the United States. The special court is to consist of three, and the general court of eight members; at a soldier's trial there must be three soldiers on a general court, and one on a special court. Challenges are provided for cause, peremptory challenges, and challenges to the array on affidavits of prejudice. Three-fourths of a general and two-thirds of a special court must concur in a verdict of guilty. The courts are to be subservient to no military commanders.

A court of military appeals, composed normally of civilians, is created for the correction of prejudiced errors of law committed in those serious cases, re-

sulting in sentences of death, dismissal, dishonorable discharge, and confinement for more than six months. This court, according to the summary given the press by Senator Chamberlain, is also given a retrospective jurisdiction to review and revise the judgments of courts martial in the most serious cases tried during the war, "because clemency at best is inadequate to correct unjust convictions and almost completely fails in the face of a sympathetic attitude on the part of the military authorities." Moreover, there is a provision to prevent army justice running wild as it did recently, with atrocious penalties in one case for trifles and insignificant punishment for things patently much more serious. Hard sentences never to be enforced were the rule with some courts. Light sentences surely enforced for everything prevailed in others. There was no steadiness, no inevitability, apparently no common sense in American military courts. This, because there was no law in the true sense. Justice was doled out by hot-heads and by softies, as their respective temperaments, or, maybe, the condition of their digestion, dictated. This Ansell-Chamberlain bill does away with all that. "Offenses are defined and no longer left to the uncertain conception as to the unwritten military law entertained by men unskilled in law; penalties are legislatively prescribed within reasonable limits and not left to be fixed by military command." Another important point in the bill is one that will prevent cruel injustice to men newly inducted into the army, who may be guilty of offenses solely through lack of knowledge of the regulations. The definition of the "more serious military offenses, such as desertion, disobedience to lawful command and mutiny, which require the element of fixed and deliberate evil mental attitude and proof of it as such—a matter so generally disregarded during the war" is made very clear, with the emphasis upon specific intent and the necessity of its proof.

Military justice is to be made over into a close similitude to civil justice. The army has never favored this. It has—that is to say, the men at the top have—favored quick action. The idea has been the safety of the army, not the rights of the individual. The one had to be sacrificed for the many. And besides, why clearly defined law? Was there not always "the honor of an officer and a gentlemen" to keep things right. Why have a statutory code to penalize such persons for failing to follow it? Wasn't *noblesse oblige* enough? It was not in the courts martial of the Great War, if Lieut.-Col. Ansell and others—"officers and gentlemen"—are to be believed. General Crowder strongly disapproved of Lieut.-Col. Ansell's protests against the court martial methods and results. The army thinks itself, at least in time of war, sufficient unto itself in all things having to do with the safety of itself. It dislikes civilian red tape, but loves its own. Nevertheless, most people will probably agree that even in the army ours should be "a government of laws and not of men." The "bill to establish military justice" should be passed as promptly as congressional procedure will permit.

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I SEE an announcement that Lieut.-Col. Bennett Clark is going to live in St. Louis. Will the gallant son of the ex-Speaker run for Governor or for Senator? He was under consideration for Governor three years ago. That was before we were in the war and before anyone was thinking of the American Legion. And, needless to say, he's better "timber" now than he was then.

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#### Wilson's Ablest Foe.

Who's the most effective anti-Wilson man in this land today? Oswald Garrison Villard, owner and editor of the *New York Nation*. His attacks upon the Wilsonian policies are the most logical, the most consistent, the most forceful, the most brilliant of any I know. They are made from the point of view of a pacifist, and worse than that, from the point of view of Woodrow Wilson as expressed in addresses



before, during and since the war. No one more boldly condemns espionage, conscription, the deportations, as he sees them, from the fourteen points. "Select covenants secretly arrived at," he scalds with scorn. The terms to Germany he denounces more effectively than do Brockdorff-Rantzau and von Ludendorff. The *Nation* is the leading radical paper of this country today in its contempt for and repudiation of Wilsonism. It has become a bible of the irreconcilables. The Bolsheviks and the ultra-socialists swear by it.

Yet Mr. Villard is no socialist, but a democrat, carrying on the spirit of Garrison, the Liberator, with a fine high passion. His writings burn with conviction. There is pain in his indignation. And this is he who erstwhile conducted and chiefly owned the *New York Evening Post*, and was regarded as little more or better than a mugwump. He sold the *Post* rather than continue to support the war as it was carried on, and Wilson as Wilson unfolded himself in his policies. He kept the *Nation*. It had been a chilly, somewhat high-brow review. He made it a fiery evangel of protest against the kind of peace that has been made at Paris. He regards that peace as a triumph of imperialism, as an engulfing of true American idealism. He thinks that the President has abandoned every principle he ever had, or professed to have. Our participation in the peace discloses our moral bankruptcy. All this Mr. Villard sets forth in a diction that is simple but with a nervous forcefulness that infects even an antipathetic reader. His effectiveness far outclasses that of George Harvey, for Villard is never flippant, though he is never stolid or solemn. The things he says about the workers and the radicals must be a great grief to old readers of the *Nation*, who were enamored of its academic democracy aforetime. The President, he says, has betrayed the common folk of the world, has been out-manoeuvred by Lloyd-George and Clemenceau, while drunk on his own phraseology.

I am told that the *Nation*, since Villard came out in an abandon of opposition, has increased its circulation to six times what it was before. And this is not because it is abusive, for it is not that, but because it is the best documented paper on international affairs in this country. Villard speaks by the card, as he interprets it. Though they give him no credit, most of the Republican opponents of the President get their information and inspiration from him. Villard is not the least little bit of a Republican. Before the war he was regarded as a "dude," but now he is an ideal fighting man in behalf of everything that is antagonistic to all the kinds of politics that brought on the war and fabricated the pending peace treaty. There is not an anti-leaguer to compare with him, unless it be Frank Putnam of Milwaukee. Villard is more damaging to the enemy than Debs ever was. And all the folks he's fighting with and for, now used to call him an aristocrat because he was the son of the wealthy Henry Villard, the railroad builder, who as a rebel left Germany in 1848, a college man and all that. Before we got into the war and during the war the President's friends claimed Villard as a German sympathizer, because he was born in Germany, and in some part educated there. But Villard today speaks the ideas, if not the language, of the proletarians of the world. He says he fights for the idealism Wilson has forgot in Paris. He mocks Wilson "out of his own mouth."

Someone told me once that Villard turned on Wilson because Wilson took up with Walter Lippmann, of a rival weekly, as advisor, and let Lippmann's paper forecast his policy. I don't believe this, for Villard has always been a pacifist and did not turn away from Wilson until Wilson began to turn to war. Notice, too, that the *Nation's* rival weekly, erstwhile so close to Wilson, has now turned upon Wilson and the League and the treaty, but not with the impassioned vigor of Villard. If Villard were not so proletarianly inclined he would be more quoted by the Wilson opposition in the Republican

party. The Republicans regard him as being as dangerous as Trotzky or Lenin. He is that only to the extent that he follows the perfectionist doctrines enunciated by Wilson, and denounces Wilson's recession from them. For my part I must say that Villard seems to have expected godlike things of the men gathered at Paris. He sees almost nothing good in their work. Their peace is a barbarous savagery. They, and chiefly Wilson, have sacrificed mankind to old-fashioned diplomacy. The war is lost, because the ideals actuating the people in it have been betrayed. I think the League is not yet built, that it is the beginning of the peace we all want and that both covenant and treaty will be modified into an approximation of the world's desire. But Oswald Garrison Villard is Woodrow Wilson's doughtiest foe, and writes like Wilson's conscience in protest against its abeyance before the necessity of compromise of old claims and conformity to old traditions of diplomacy. The Villard antagonism from the standpoint of the radicals is deadlier than that of the jingoes who want us to run and rule the world and make it our oyster, which we with our good sword shall open.

#### The Cure for Rack-Renting

A GREAT light is being seen in New York City. It illumines the gloom of the rent situation in that city. There is a shortage of buildings. Allan Robinson, president of the City and Suburban Homes Company, proposes to exempt new buildings from taxation for a period of eleven years, to compensate the builders for the higher cost of building. Moreover, United States Senator Calder, a large building contractor, suggests the passage of state laws exempting from taxation for the first two years after completion all buildings within the city limits used solely for residential purposes. If good for a little while, why is not this policy good for all time? There should never be a shortage of houses. With no taxes on houses there would be not only more but better dwelling houses. Ditto as to factories and stores. This would mean lots of jobs for workers at good pay which the workers would spend in the stores. Land values would pay all the taxes necessary. Try the good old single tax for prosperity. No more rent or other strikes. No slums. Less poverty, disease, vice and crime. Do you get it?

#### Same Old Senate

THE Old Guard is still in the saddle in the Senate. The Progressives are in the soup. Scant chance there is that any legislation of a forward-looking character will be passed. Even some of the former Progressives have become retrogressives, as to the League of Nations. A lot this Senate bunch will care for industrial democracy and the partnership of the worker with the employer. There is doubt even that they are enough awake to realize that the time has come for woman suffrage. President Wilson is fortunate in such opposition as the Senate will put up. It will tend to restore some of his waning popularity. Because he has not brought in the millenium, the people will not have the country thrown back into the dark ages of high protective tariff and all that goes with the old regime of the seniority rule. That is where the Senate will put it if, as is indicated, Penrose and Lodge are to have their way and the progressives are to reverse their brakes.

#### New Victims of Society

MANY organizations for the relief of sufferers by recent new conditions in the world have done good work. To how many of them have we subscribed in the past five years! Why not an organization for the relief of bartenders thrown or to be thrown out of employment by prohibition, and a "drive" in their behalf? There are many thousands of them, good fellows mostly, as many of us remember. Didn't they prescribe for us when we didn't feel quite fit? Didn't they talk politics or baseball or horse-racing with us while we pressed the brass rail with alternate

feet? Often they consoled us on the morning after, and sometimes they told us their troubles, too, when we were in the mood to sympathize. Maybe they staked us to the price of a taxi-ride home. What do we not owe to their philosophical discourse upon the life joyous! And how we reveled in their artistry as mixers of concoctions combining suavity with "kick"! What are these men to do? Their gifts, their energies are not suited to prosaic, plodding occupations. They will not fit into positions requiring assiduity in manual labor and fixity of functioning. Pegasus hitched to an ash-cart! They were ministrants to the moods of men, actors, we might say, playing many parts to their patrons. They were genuises in touch upon personality in its most plastic moments, creators of illusions felicitic concerning ourselves and the world. What friend was ever closer than the "bar-keep," when we had our ninth "ball"? Why, he looked better to us than our own reflection in the mirror behind him. Sometimes he was almost sacerdotal as he officiated at the cash-register as if it were a tabernacle. We told him things we wouldn't tell our pastor and we borrowed money from him to spend at his rival's place across the street or around the corner. Can we let such magnanimity go to the scrap-heap? No! We must do something for him. He is out in the cold, or soon will be, through no fault of his own. If ever there was a victim of society, it is he. We have taken his living away from him, and he is helpless in a world that has abjured his arts and graces. Should we raise a fund for him? That would be to pauperize him, to make him as dependent upon us as occasionally we were upon him. That would be to humiliate his high and sensitive spirit to which we have owed so much. No; that would never do. What reparation can we make to him? Would it not be well to organize a vast movement in favor of the enactment by Congress of a law providing that only former bartenders be appointed to positions in the government department having to do with the enforcement of prohibition? There will be required an army of such officials to prevent the clandestine assuagement of alcoholic thirst and the manufacture of the multitudinous emollients of aesophagic siccancy. There must be even more such places than there will be "bar-keeps" "at liberty," but the erstwhile drink-dispensers should be given the preference in filling those places. Clearly they would be well equipped for their duties. Need I point out what an appropriateness there would be in such an atonement by society to those whose vocation, useful as well as ornamental, we have made taboo? They deserve our best efforts for the amelioration of their position. Can we not make the law that leaves them helpless an instrument for their occupational rehabilitation? Can't we in justice give them jobs in lieu of the ones of which we ravished them in our rage for reform? Let them enforce the prohibition that enforced them into idleness. Here is a splendid opportunity to do a great and good work. Who will inaugurate the Association for the Relief of Disengaged Bartenders through their Employment in Government Service in the Enforcement of Prohibition? If everyone should join it who holds in memory some of the friendly fellows with whom *vis-a-vis* at the bar he stood and fraternized with that geniality generated by their appetizing confections, there would soon be a movement with an emotional enthusiasm that would be irresistible. What a slogan it would have! "Stand by the fellows who often stood by us when we could barely stand by ourselves!" Even hardened prohibitionists could and would join the movement. It would be water on their wheel. It would save their consciences for their cruelty to the toppers and toss-pots and their one-time Ganymedes. No finer example of retributive justice could there be than the spectacle of the boys who used to set out the drinks operating as a grand army of government agents, at good salaries, in the work of rendering it impossible that the Demon Rum should ever again in this virtuous land rear his horrid head.



# America and Whitman

1855-1919

By Charles B. Mitchell

THE year 1919 is prolific in centennial anniversaries of great writers. Lowell, Ruskin, Walt Whitman and George Eliot were all born in 1819. The Lowell Centenary, in February, was elaborately celebrated. England sent her greatest living novelist as the bearer of her tribute of praise. The other American "centenarian"—Walt Whitman, born one hundred years ago next Saturday, the 31st—while receiving abundant honor in certain narrow circles, kindles no such general enthusiasm, commands no such wide-spread popular homage, in America, at least; although many European critics consider his work to be America's most original, distinctive and valuable contribution to world literature. The inquiry into the reason for this difference in the attitude of America towards the two writers opens up an interesting field of critical discussion. It is too wide a field, perhaps, to be covered adequately in a single article. But a discriminating admirer of Whitman, who can write at all, can hardly escape inspiration just at this time; and some suggestions toward an explanation of the phenomenon will involve interesting reflections, both on Whitman and on America.

Still keeping his name associated with that of Lowell, we note that the difference today in the popular attitude towards the two men is just what it was when they were with us in the flesh. Lowell, in his lifetime, was an exceedingly popular poet and man of letters. His works were among our poetic "best sellers." Perhaps Longfellow was a rival; but Lowell had no other competitor in poetic popularity in the generation of the "fifties," to which Walt Whitman addressed "Leaves of Grass." The men and women who revered Lowell and Longfellow almost unanimously regarded Whitman as a literary ruffian. He had, almost from the first, a few enthusiastic disciples, who looked on him as a kind of poetic Messiah, who read his words as the utterance of an oracle. But he didn't get the ear of the crowd.

With the passing of the years, the original Whitman coterie has widened. A few such men as John Burroughs caught the fever from the original worshippers. And professional American critics and teachers of literature have been taught by men like Stedman, Brownell and Bliss Perry to take Whitman seriously, and criticise him sympathetically. The Whitman cult crossed the Atlantic forty years ago, and enrolled such members as "R. L. S.," William M. Rossetti, Edward Carpenter and Anne Gilchrist—a noble minority whose loving loyalty is a poet's crown such as Rome could never confer. But outside the still comparatively narrow circle of his devotees, only the professional critics and readers of books know Whitman as anything but a name. He "got off wrong" with the crowd at the start; and has not made much progress with the crowd since. But the fact is not primarily the fault of Whitman; it is a serious indictment of American democracy.

## I.

Democracy is essentially conservative, except for occasional spasms of revolution. Once in fifty or a hundred years, the crowd seems to go mad, and radical ideas sweep it into revolutionary action, with apparently resistless force. But democracy means the supremacy of the average mind; and the average man, except in epochs of crowd-madness, is inclined to let well-enough alone. He is suspicious of novelties, especially in ideas. He has all he can do to find his way around in a familiar world; and doesn't know what new ideas, if entertained and applied in practice, might do to his warm and fairly comfortable nest. The average man is not adventurous; he dislikes exceedingly the notion of using

his wings, and lighting on unfamiliar ground. He moves, but very slowly.

The late '40s, early '50s, in America witnessed a reaction against the radicalism of 1830 to 1845. Except on the negro slavery question, conservatism had triumphed all along the line; and in 1855, when Whitman issued the first edition of "Leaves of Grass," the great majority of the people, even in New England, were hostile to anti-slavery radicalism. Men were returning to the old ideas; falling back into the old ways. In literature, the New England poets had become contemporary classics. It was in the midst of such a scene that Whitman made the most radical departure in English poetic form since Marlowe. Only a cultivated ear could appreciate the natural rhythm which he substituted for the traditional meter and rhyme; and cultivated men were almost all admirers of Lowell and Longfellow, except in the South, where men admired models even more classic than these. If the average man happened to get hold of Whitman's works he was completely nonplussed. The "stuff" seemed to him neither poetry nor prose; if the fellow had anything to say, why the dickens didn't he say it straight out, in a way that folks could understand? The man who first introduced me to Whitman, when I was a boy at the bench in a New England shoe factory, was a case in point. Pete was a fairly intelligent workman, but all he could make out of Whitman was the fact that certain passages were engagingly "smutty."

But Whitman's departure from the American tradition in "substance of doctrine" was even more radical than in the matter of style. He tried to convert America to a new conception of democracy. When Whitman first published "Leaves of Grass," the idea that democracy meant Brotherhood was an abolitionist heresy. And even the abolitionists hadn't yet realized that all white men were children of one father. Democracy meant "every man for himself, and the devil take the hindmost." It was accepted as axiomatic that every white man who deserved to do so, could succeed in life, make money, become prosperous, achieve the rank of a substantial citizen, even become President of the United States, if he lived long enough for his turn to come around. The poor, the outcast, the criminal, were regarded with contempt, not merely because they had failed, but because their failure was an indication that they had not deserved to succeed. The religion of "Job's Comforters" was the popular orthodoxy. The *American Magazine* is still preaching it. And down here in our "neck of the woods," the *American* is a best-seller.

When Walt Whitman tried to put over on the ambitious, energetic, essentially selfish American democracy of sixty years ago the novel proposition that the respected, the respectable, law-abiding and prosperous citizen was blood brother to the slave, the "venerealee," the prostitute and the thief, "bone of their bone and flesh of their flesh," he bid off a gigantic contract. He was antagonizing not only the selfishness of the prosperous classes, but the traditional religious conceptions of America, as well. Puritanism thrived, and thrives, on moral distinctions, on classifications of men and women as "good" or "bad," creating a spiritual aristocracy, and cultivating a Pharisaism as narrow and bigoted as that with which Jesus contended. The man whose charity was broad enough to overlook and ignore these moral classifications, was a bad man. He must be. Only a bad man could sympathize with sinners, at least in his own community.

But we have not yet exhausted the list of Whitman's offenses against the American tradition. St. Anthony Comstock was for many years one of our cherished national institutions; and his works do follow him in the person of his disciple Sumner. We are human; the records of the divorce courts and the police courts prove that; but we are ashamed of it. Even the Puritans were human; had they not been, Hawthorne would never have written

"The Scarlet Letter." The Puritan tradition is still influential, even in art-criticism; in its application to life, it doth make hypocrites of (almost) all of us. But it has weakened appreciably since 1855, when Walt Whitman tore off the figleaf; unmasked humanity; made sex a subject of discussion; didn't even insist on a marriage certificate as essential to the recognition of the fact that men were men and women were women; even spoke a good word for the prostitute.

## II.

There are writers whose manner is of interest and value, apart from the substance of their works. I admired the prose of Oscar Wilde long before I had any sympathy with the philosophy of aestheticism. The grim cynicism of Cunningham Grahame freezes my soul, but the five volumes I have of his sketches and studies in the tragedy of life are among my constant favorites. I am not a socialist; but I resent the fact that the Espionage Act makes it impossible for me to read the *apologia pro vita mea* (I wonder if I've got that Latin right; I was brought up at the bench in a shoe shop, instead of on the benches of a school) which Debs addressed to the jury that convicted him. But Whitman has very little to attract in the way of style. His literary form is not only novel, but crude. Whitman staked everything on his message. He wanted to be read as a teacher, or not at all. Only those who have accepted his doctrine are really celebrating his centenary. An American roused to enthusiasm over the Whitman centenary would be an America converted to the Whitman gospel. And it is at least a century too soon to look for such a result. Whitman is still too intensely alive to be celebrated as a gracious memory, as men paid tribute to Lowell. He still represents a cause to be advocated or abhorred. The old prejudices still deny to his personality the merit of common decency. A curious illustration of the situation, moving one to some interesting reflections, appears in *Pearson's* for May. Guido Bruno talked in Camden with two men who had known Whitman in his lifetime, and wrote an account of the interviews in a letter to the shade of old Walt. William Ketler, a superannuated newspaper man, now librarian of the Camden library, denounced Whitman in unmeasured terms as simply nasty, both in his works and in his private conversation. "Filth," William says, "was always on his lips." Dr. McAllister, Walt's old physician, says that he never heard an obscene word from Whitman's lips. I would rather trust the testimony of a man's friends than of his enemies, if there is an irreconcilable conflict; but I couldn't help wondering, when I compared the testimony of Ketler with that of Dr. McAllister, if Walt didn't know something about being all things to all men?

The admirers of Whitman, few as they are comparatively, represent the finest and most progressive type of American citizenship and culture. Many of them are dreamers, it is true; witness Horace Traubel. But they are lovers of their fellow-men. And some of these lovers of men are practical, hard-headed and successful, like "Golden Rule" Jones, who made himself rich by the invention of the sucker-rod, and made himself famous (some people would say notorious) by discovering that it is love which moves, not only "the sun and all the stars," but the forward-moving human race. Of course, "Golden Rule" Jones could hardly be considered one of our substantial citizens, of the kind the *American Magazine* writes up. He was a good deal of a "crank," his friends must confess. And it may be considered a penalty for eccentricity that the "New International Encyclopaedia," which features the clerical mountebank, Sam Jones, does not find room to mention the man who put the Golden Rule into practice in his business, who paid a lawyer by the year to defend criminals who had no money to hire a lawyer, and enforced the laws with sympathy for all men and women, even the least and



lowest. Even the fact that Jones was a politician whom his enemies could never defeat at the polls, could not gain him a place in this "Encyclopaedia," which devotes an article to State Senator Thomas F. Grady, the Tammany Leader at Albany twenty years ago, whose hotel bills were paid by the New York Central Railroad. "Golden Rule" Jones is a fair sample of the spirit, at least, of the lovers of Whitman. Brand Whitlock tells that Jones often used to call him up by phone to read over the wire some pregnant passage in "Leaves of Grass," which had just made a new appeal to him. The fact that Talcott Williams didn't consider Samuel M. Jones of sufficient interest to be included in his "Encyclopaedia," indicates the absence of any general enthusiasm over the Whitman Centenary.

Whitman was a voice crying in the wilderness when he first published "Leaves of Grass." Since that date real democracy has found many American champions. We have had Henry George and Edwin Markham; Ernest Howard Crosby and William Dean Howells; Jane Addams and 'Gene Debs. Some of them may have been over-radical; they may have made mistakes in some of the theories they advocated, some of the policies they pursued; but they have at least held up the banner of Brotherhood. Poets like Gilder, Joyce Kilmer, Riley, Edgar A. Guest—to group dissimilars—have been singing the message to the multitude. Even the churches are falling into line. The Puritan theology is a thing of the past. The men who still hold to it are anachronisms. The "new theology" has preached for forty years the Fatherhood of God and the Brotherhood of Man, until it has become the New Orthodoxy. A more searching study of society has created a new conception of sin. We look upon the sinner more as a victim than as a rebel. The doctrines of heredity and evolution have created a new ethic, and the beginnings of a new jurisprudence. Love of mankind is beginning to rebuild our penal system on juster and kinder lines. Thomas Mott Osborne took up the banner of prison reform where John Howard laid it down a century and a half ago.

The world is moving, in spite of the conservatism of the mass; and it is moving towards the light. Not even Horace Traubel would claim for Walt Whitman the honor of being the sole cause and spring of the new movements we have mentioned in the preceding paragraph. Many influences besides his, many voices, have concurred. But Whitman was the pioneer. He discerned the future direction of ethical and religious evolution. Emerson, it is true, anticipated Whitman. But Emerson didn't know what his philosophy would mean, if taken to the common man, and put into everyday practice. Walt brought the dreams of Emerson down to earth; set them in the market-place; adjusted them to the needs of the streets and the prairies. He mediated between Emerson, and the new ethics, the new religion, the new sociology, the new humanity. And even where Whitman has not been the direct teacher of some of the champions of democracy, he has been their constant encourager. If they weren't made real democrats and humanitarians by reading Whitman, they began to read him as soon as they began to believe in and practice real, downright, everyday, practical love and good-fellowship, and he helped them to keep the vision bright and clear and alluring. He has had a part, I verily believe, in the inspiration of more noble work and sacrifice, in America, at least, in the last forty years, than any man who ever put pen to paper. He had his failings; I, for one, have the advantage of worshipping him afar off, so far as I do worship him at all; I might have been one of his critics, had I known him personally. But Whitman in history ranks as the greatest of American inspirers. I think there can be no question of that.

The other day I saw the account of a "Convalescent Home" for unmarried mothers which had been opened in Newark, New Jersey—not very far

from Camden. It seems, from the article I read, that it is a municipal project. It is not a rescue home, assuming that these girls are sinners above all others, in need of some convulsive and unnatural "salvation"; it is not a foundling hospital, for the purpose of enabling the mother to conceal her "shame" by disposing of her child; the girl who goes there is received as one who has made, under the urge of Nature, a social mistake. She is to be given every care that a married mother would receive, and a place is to be found for her, if she desires, where she can take her child. But for the "war-baby," such an institution would not have been conceived. Neither would it have been dreamed of, I believe, had it not been for the message of Walt Whitman. I would gamble a little money, if anybody should choose to call me, that the Mayor who put it over is a lover of the Good Gray Poet. When Whitman first wrote, such an institution would have been considered by the churches little less immoral than a bawdy-house. That "Convalescent Home" is one of the most striking marks of progress in real, spiritual democracy that I have read of in ten years. And it is progress right along Walt Whitman's line. I believe that, by 2019, America will be ready to appreciate Whitman. By that time, Lowell will have been forgotten, except by the historian of literature.

♦♦♦

## Occasional Observations

By Horace Flack

XXI—SUN DIALS AND RED ANTS.

THE sun is always rising somewhere on earth, and there is always a shadow disappearing before the sunrise. The disappearing shadow accounts for a book of dial mottoes some may wish to read when they have time. They are in Latin mostly. Dials are not modern, and they cannot be modernized politically to say that it is noon when it is only eleven o'clock. They deal only in the facts of the reason, logic, "natural order" or Mind in the solar system.

As a fact, with the earth continually turning, time is the continual process of enlightenment which never stops, day or night. But as a shadow continually moves around the earth before the light, we begin to get a sense of time, not from the light, but from the shadow. As our mind or reason depends on our sense of time, this fact is worth noting by those who wish to be logical.

To illustrate the fact of time, carefully follow these directions: Secure a small red ant and a large orange, for use after dark. Stick a lead pencil through the orange at its North and South poles. Then place the small red ant in the North Temperate zone of the orange, and turn on the light. With the lead pencil inclined at an angle of about 23 degrees to the plane of the orange's orbit (of what would be its orbit if it moved around the light), revolve the pencil rapidly between the thumb and forefinger, and watch the small red ant as he (she or it) is continually enlightened after being plunged into shadow. Then repeat slowly:

*"Red ants upon a rolling orange seem quite small;  
Yet great men think they can control this whole  
terrestrial ball."*

In her relations to the orange, the smallest red ant is much larger than the greatest man on earth is to the total circle of the shadow, which is the fact of time on earth as a dial marks it.

After the red ant has served the purposes of this demonstration, restore her carefully to her home and family. The Jains, who are subjects of our allied sovereign, King George V, R. et al., would do no less than this. They hold and practice the Pythagorean theory instead of the Darwinian. They think they have no right to interfere with the life of a red ant, because they believe that before their education is complete, they may have to return to life as red ants, if they have not already done so. Many interesting things have been said in support of this view of education, and also of the intellectual process of red ants. These we must

reluctantly pass over. We know no more of the minds of ants than we do of those of our neighbors next door—or of our own. We may suppose, however, that if ants are under the process of daily enlightenment on a whirling globe for purposes of education, as we are, they have their minds made up logically or naturally, or in the way which adjusts them with the least inconvenience to the entire order of nature on the globe. As this depends on an angle of about 23 degrees, our minds must grow disorderly as far as we depart from it so as to disorder our "senses," which, as a system, depend on the solar system. That is the sense or "reason" of the sundial, with a peg or gnomon, the shadow of which points due north at noon. For those who live their "natural lives" in the country, the sun shining straight into the front door serves the same purpose, so that through uncounted generations it has been a habit of housewives when thus made aware of noon, or "midday," to step outside the door and blow the horn, which summons their husbands and sons from the field to the table. As the solar system decides logic and reason, this is reasonable and logical!

As I understand the Nineteenth Psalm (which ought to be read in this connection before midnight), its purpose is to illustrate this reason and inform us of the meaning of this logic, as it may be seen at midnight, when

*"Heaven's arch proclaims the glory of its Maker,  
Whose handiwork shines in the firmament."*

This glory in the firmament gives the time of the universe, as at midnight one bright constellation after another passes the midnight line of the heavens. If we do not purpose to turn to the sky, we may suppose we are as reasonable and logical as ever when we put ourselves one-twelfth wrong—and hence wholly wrong—about the meaning of the celestial midnight, as it times our lives in accord with the principles of the universe. But is it well to be "unprincipled"?

If it were really midnight or noon at 11 o'clock I doubt if we would find the results gratifying in this latitude. The latitude might change so as to bring the Arctic Circle far enough south to interfere with the berry and fruit crops, but as we are of an experimental nature, we may educate ourselves considerably by a merely political adjustment of the polar angle. After which we may be satisfied to return to noon at twelve o'clock for the rest of our natural lives—in which we are naturally safest when most nearly "reasonable," as tested by the solar system.

When at all times and in all latitudes the largest possible number of people are free to live out their natural lives in their own way, I will be as well satisfied with the results of politics as I am now and have always been with the polar angle, as it must be taken into consideration in setting a dial so that it will actually "keep time." As it loses the count altogether on cloudy days, this is made its chief merit in the best known of the Latin mottoes in the Book of Dials. "I mark not the hours unless they are bright" is the translation. But what it really means is, "If you do not like to remember it, forget it." Then as we may be sure of more light later on, we may rely on the solar system and act accordingly.

That, I suppose, is what a red ant does in living its natural life. It is much better than the sort of optimism which tells us to "smile, smile, smile," when we have the toothache, or something worse—if there is anything worse. At any rate, it is the best conclusion which can be reached from all that is recorded in our times and all other times since the beginning of "science," when they used dials in Egypt and tried to set the pyramids to the polar angle so as to keep a true record of time forever. We have forgotten most of the worst that has occurred since then. What we need most now is the opportunity to forget the rest. When we find a man great enough to give us that, we may trust him to tell us the truth about time of day, winter and summer.



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OLIVE AND LOCUST, FROM NINTH TO TENTH

## The Amethyst Ring

By Catherine Postelle

To understand or analyze one of the books of Anatole France it is necessary to know something of his entire work. The great satirist has wrought a great tapestry. One cannot judge the design by isolating one small figure, detaching it from its relation to all the others.

Anatole France is the successor of Voltaire and Renan. He is the slayer of shams, the destroyer of illusions. His weapon is a pure skepticism, and his barbed arrow he wings with irony. He sees too much and too well—with a piece of glass in his eye which gives a slant to his vision. The shield of the knight, to him is not only both gold and silver, but no shield at all, only a bit of painted wood. Unlike Bernard Shaw, whose satire always aims at reform, Anatole France does not think reform possible. He merely pricks the bubbles of our foibles and our enthusiasms and goes his way, leaving us to laugh at his cleverness and weep at our desolation. His vision is

as wide as the universe. He has been carried up on a high mount, but what he sees at his feet is a world of sham, of hypocrisy, of prejudice, whose religion is a delusion or a cloak or a last refuge of those only who are afraid to die; whose friendships are insincerities and whose loves, are lusts. He sees the church as the enemy of the people. While professing himself the friend of the people, he calls them a mob, dangerous and insane. "The verdict of the people is not the voice of God," he is moved to say, "but this does not imply that the voice of the autocrat is any more divine." He does not believe in war—not the killing, not starvation offends him—but because it makes vile those who survive. Yet, with a curious contradiction, in 1914, at the age of seventy, he begged for a rifle to defend his country.

"The art of life is a beneficent contempt for men," is one of his axioms. "Give men irony and pity." Despite his pity, despite his cleverness and his brilliance, we cannot like Anatole France. He is a destroyer of illusions, and it is by illusions we live. We stand on the side of our

greatest and gentlest philosopher, "If life seem a succession of dreams, yet poetic justice is done in dreams also."

For the sake of the many brilliant and delightful things he has done, we forgive Anatole France much—his denunciation of history, his overthrow of many of our idols, his attacks on religion even, he being one of the unfortunates who says he can believe only what he can understand, but it is his sensuality, his bestiality, descending below the level of the beasts, the smudge with which he desecrates all womanhood, that is his unpardonable sin.

In "The Amethyst Ring" (John Lane Co.) the characteristics of Anatole France eminently adorn or deface every page. The book is third in a series of four volumes entitled "Contemporary History," all four being the simple chronicle of events

passing under the notice of the author during some three or four years. The Dreyfus affair appears and disappears on the screen, being the great event of the chronicles.

"The Amethyst Ring" is wandering, desultory, incoherent. The small thread holding together the commonplace events that cross the pages is the candidacy of *Abbé Guirel* for the Bishopric of Turcoing. The amethyst ring is the holy ring designed for the Bishop's finger should the Abbé attain that great office. It is to be the gift to him from one *Madame de Bonmont*, an Austrian Jewess newly converted to the Roman Catholic faith, professing great zeal for the church. She has a son who, being a Jew, is more or less ostracized, but he has ambitions. At his instigation his mother makes a gift of a precious ciborium to *Notre Dame des Belles*



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Fewilles, a chapel under the patronage of Duc de Brécé, in return for which the Duke is to be requested by Abbé Guirel to present to the son the Duke's badge of the Hunt. The Abbé declares a simple priest would have no such influence. "But if you were Bishop?" "Ah! that might be."

Whereupon young Bonmont, through the potent jingle of his guineas, begins to pull the wires to secure the bishopric to his dear friend, the Abbé. Hence comes the promise of the ring, a bribe, a gift for quits. It is all a tale of "the house that Jack built." This is the ring to pay the Bishop who asks the Duke who gives the badge to the zealous Jew, young Ernest de Bonmont. Evidently Anatole France believes a man's elevation to office depends not upon his fitness or his value but to satisfy the itching palm that sells and marts its offices for gold.

The amethyst ring is bought, a Hungarian amethyst of great beauty, but poor Madame de Bonmont leaves it inadvertently on the mantel in her lover's chambers. Abbé Guirel is made Bishop, but falls into disfavor for attacking the Government—before he secures the badge for the Jew who made him Bishop.

All ironic, detestable, but very much alive. The events transpire as we see them transpire in life, without sequence, without order, pitifully inadequate and unhappy.

The gist of the book lies in the reflections of Monsieur Bergeret—Anatole France. He is glorious in his attack on anti-semitism. He says he is not big enough to hate nine millions of people. He attacks nationality because there is no such thing as nationality. The alleged French are Gauls, Iberians, Celts, Romans, Franks and Saracens. He is an ardent Dreyfusite and throws many a gleam of ironic sidelight on this stupendous national crime.

There is no finer piece of satire than his supposed translation, "Concerning Hercules Antimos," with its covert application.

"I include all Jews in the same blind feeling of dislike," says a friend to Bergeret, who answers, "Beware that you owe them—the Jews—nothing. Give them back their God that you have surely taken from them."

M. Bergeret is the whole book. He speaks, and in the delight of him we delight in Anatole France.

♦♦♦

"What'll you have?" asked the waiter. "I'm not predicting," replied the weary citizen. "I'm going to order a cup of strong coffee with fresh cream and a steak done rare. Then I'm going to eat what you bring me and say no more."—Washington Star.

♦♦♦

"Mother, do cows and bees go to heaven?" "Mercy, child what a question! Why?" "Because if they don't the milk and honey the preacher said was up there must be all tinned stuff."—London Answers.

## Our Neighbor Mexico

By Charles J. Finger

Ask ten men at random, living in the eastern states what they think of Mexico and the Mexicans, and you will hear very much the same opinion expressed: "No use for 'em. They'll stick a knife in your back as soon as look at you." "Last country on earth. All desert and brigands." . . . "A gang of ignorant savages from Carranza down." . . . "We ought to get in and clean up for 'em." Variations on the theme may be heard, but pin the talker down, and it will be found that his "opinion" has been formed after a severe course of sensational moving pictures. The press too has for years conducted a campaign in which everything has been done that could be done to bring discredit to Mexico. Some of this has been with ulterior motives. On the other hand, those that know the land of the Rio Grande and its peoples, are well aware that Texans and Mexicans mostly live together in amity.

Campaigns of hate may be well enough in their way, but in these parous days, when the world is in solution, when there are troubles from Vladivostok to Finisterre, when a hundred million people in the world are facing famine, a pianissimo effect would be more harmonious in the concert of nations, especially when it is remembered that our neighbor next south has a sparsely populated land in which millions of acres of fabulously rich soil are awaiting cultivation. Add to that the fact that the position of the Mexican government today is declared to be one of welcome to people who will take up farms, ranches, plantations and industrial pursuits, and it would appear that the sooner we realize that disseminators of the gospel of hate are enemies of the human race, the better. For Mexico has that which we need and can use, if we will but agree to do, when in that country, as we insist others from foreign lands should do when in ours.

E. D. Trowbridge, in his "Mexico Today and Tomorrow" (MacMillan), has traced the history of Mexico from the days of the Aztecs to the Zimmerman incident, and makes a powerful appeal to Americans to understand Mexico. He pleads with us to support President Wilson for his attitude that Mexico should be given every chance to work out her own salvation. All that is needed, he maintains, for a trade between the nations of North America that shall exceed anything previously dreamed of in the commercial world, is a better understanding on each side of the opposite viewpoint.

As for the revolution, the root of the trouble was land monopoly. Due to old Spanish grants, there were immense estates held out of use by foreign individuals and corporations. The Terrazas estate, for example, is more than twice the size of Massachusetts, and in Lower California four companies hold an aggregate area of over 40,000 square miles, one company alone listing as its property twenty-six million acres. The imagination is staggered when considering such impossible conditions. What of the dispossessed when land is laid to land like this? What of

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that if only wanted babies were born, practically all babies would then have a chance for life and health and education and love and happiness?

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¶ From among the many models, three of our newly arrived summer Smocks are as illustrated. The first one is a smart blue voile trimmed with rainbow sport stripes and touches of hand embroidery—artistic and chic as can be. The second one is a cleverly smocked pink voile with white organdy collar—individualized with French dots and hand embroidery. The third smock is a dainty white with narrow blue edge and bias folds applied flat.

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the criminal waste because of the impossibility of supervision? What of the land lying idle because of the transportation problems?

It was Madero, the idealist, who set himself the task of straightening so mad a world, and, by seizure of the vast estates of the rich *cientificos* in the north, he endeavored to carry out his political promise of free land for all. After the Huerta counter-revolution, Carranza, the man of tenacity, of personal integrity, of force of character, filled with a vision of a prosperous Mexico in which there should be no land-

less peons, hammered away at his reform program. In February, 1917, a convention was held at Queretaro for the purpose of adopting a new constitution, and the general spirit of the convention was to attempt to correct, by one document, all the ills of four centuries of unsatisfactory conditions.

Now, note some of the new laws promulgated by these "benighted" Mexicans! Mark some of the provisions of the new constitution! Here are a few: Liberty of religious thought. Free expression of opinion. The fixation by various states of the maximum area

of land which one person or corporation shall own, and, in the event that the owner fails to sell, the property is to be expropriated with proper compensation, and the land to be resold in small parcels with twenty-year annual payments. Combinations found guilty of unduly raising the price of necessary commodities to be punished severely. Labor unions recognized. Co-operative associations not to be deemed monopolies. Eight hours a maximum working day. Equal compensation for the same work regardless of sex or nationality. Recognition of the right of

workmen to strike and of employers to lockout. There is much more of it and the tendency throughout is to "make Mexico safe for democracy."

As regards the attitude of the Mexican government toward immigrating foreigners, Mr. Trowbridge quotes a government official utterance, unfortunately without giving reference, which may be fairly and briefly transcribed like this: Mexico will encourage immigration of the sort that will take up agrarian pursuits. Foreigners will be treated in the same manner as natives, so long as they act in accordance with the law. Mexico needs and welcomes foreign capital for large public works, for extensions of the railway systems, for banking and industrial purposes, but foreigners and foreign capital must come with a national spirit and not for the purpose of squeezing all they can out of the country and leaving as little as possible behind. As for the supposed hostility to foreigners and foreign money, that is classed as idle talk, based solely on the fact that foreigners and foreign money in the past have been selfish. All of which, it must be admitted, sounds reasonable and reflects what we, on our side of the fence, would call national, patriotic spirit.



## Letters from the People Economics in the Schools

Long Branch, N. J., May 10th, 1919.

Editor of Reedy's Mirror:

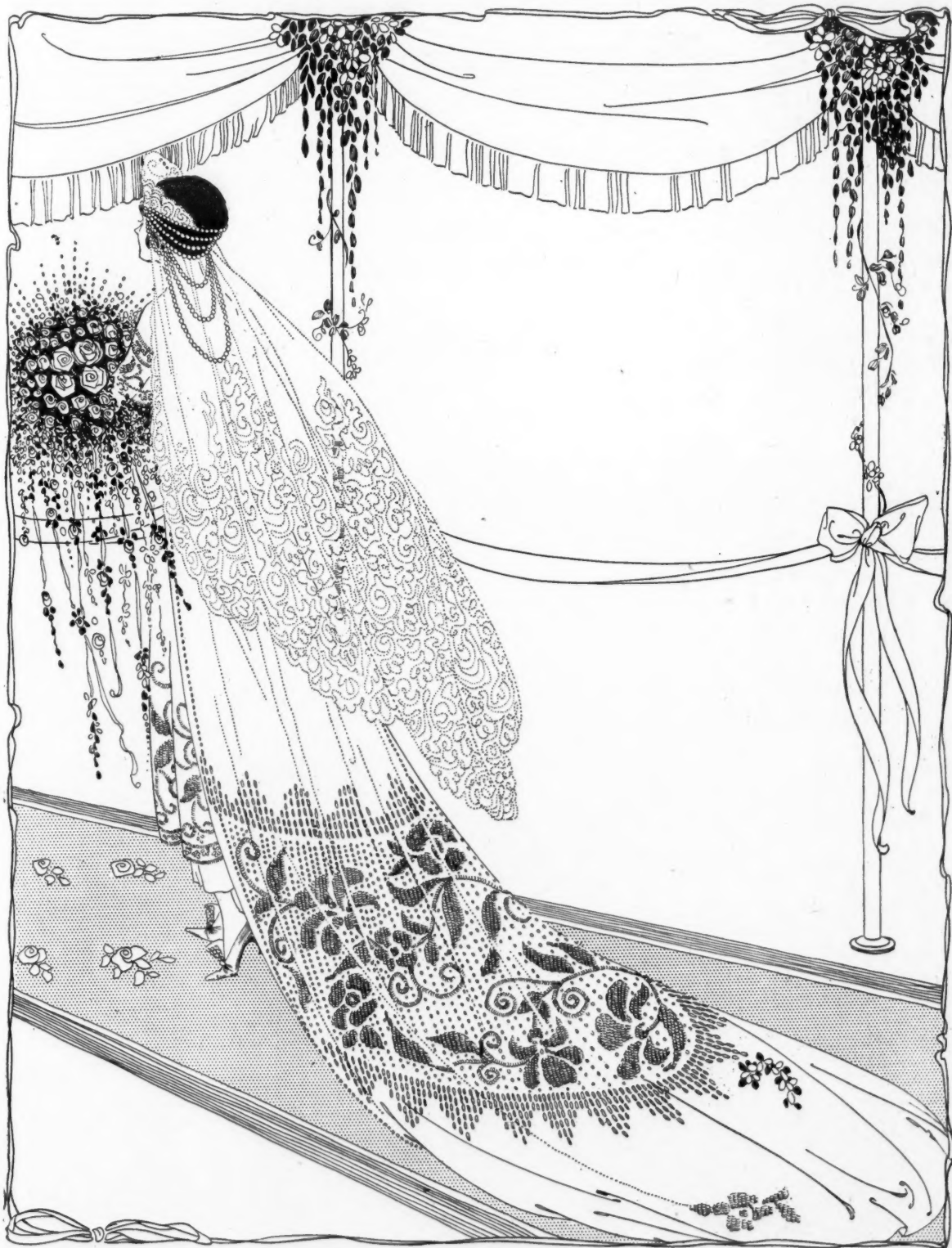
At its last session the New Jersey Legislature passed a law providing for compulsory teaching of civics and on problems in American democracy in the high schools. It does not appear to have been thought necessary to prescribe what kind of teaching shall be done on these subjects, but it is.

It does not matter much what kind of teaching is furnished in arithmetic or algebra, but on subjects connected with economics the American people should demand that only such teaching shall be provided as will give young people elementary truth and the plainest kind of explanation of basic economic facts.

It is likely to be found that the text books currently used are far removed from being what such text books ought to be. The one on elementary economics used in the high school nearest to me is said by the school superintendent to be as good as any that can be procured. It was written or published in 1904 by Richard T. Ely, Ph.D., LL. D., professor of political economy in the University of Washington, and George Ray Wicker, Ph. D., assistant professor of economics in Dartmouth College, and had been reprinted up to 1916 no less than twenty times. Yet I venture to say it is a most wretched piece of work, bearing earmarks of having been compiled by men who either knew little of their subject or deliberately mixed up things so that no student would ever be likely to get any clear conception of what the book was about.

It is probable that no text book on elementary political economy which is really satisfactory could be profitably published. Boards of education would not approve straight teaching on this





JUNE, the month of roses and of brides, will keep tryst with many weddings. Long beforehand the brides-to-be have been selecting linens and lingerie, deciding upon correct invitations, devoting whole days to choosing becoming new clothes—and still having time to go to the many parties in their honor. Invaluable is the assistance that may be given every bride, in the wonderful assortments of the things she needs to be selected in this store, whether linens, lingerie, clothes or furnishings for her new home.

**STIX, BAER & FULLER**

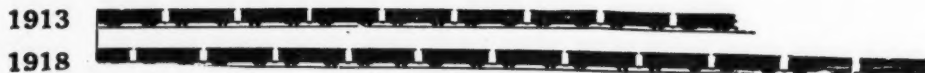
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# ST. LOUIS SHIPPING

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line. Experience has taught school principals and teachers to beware of making fundamental things plain, in an economic or civics course.

Here is a field of activity for those who would spread economic truths. Let them contrive some way to improve the kind of economic teaching that is done in our high schools.

GEORGE WHITE.

### An Epigone

Novelist Booth Tarkington tells with gusto this story against himself: "I was strolling around an artists' Red Cross fair when two pretty 'flappers' of sixteen or so came up and asked me for my autograph. 'I haven't got a fountain pen,' I said, much flattered. 'Will pencil do?' 'Yes,' said the other 'flapper,' and so I took out my pencil and signed my name in the Morocco-bound book that she had given me. The flapper studied the signature with a frown. Then she looked up and said: 'Aren't you Robert W. Chambers?' 'No,' said I. 'I'm Booth Tarkington.' The 'flapper' turned to her friend with a shrug of disgust. 'Lend me your rubber, May,' she said."

Mr. and Mrs. Smith were reading the Sunday papers. "One wife too many!" she exclaimed, as she glanced through the headlines of her section. "I will read that. I suppose it is the doings of some bigamist." "Not necessarily, my dear," replied her husband, without lifting his eyes from the paper.

### Marts and Money

United States Steel common is quoted at 107½, the best price since October, 1918. This as a result of some striking, inspirational statements on the part of E. H. Gary, chairman of the corporation, before the Iron and Steel Institute. The precipitous rise of four points in less than thirty minutes occasioned a little panic among parties who had been insistent sellers for short account on the plausible theory that a 5 per cent stock should not be thought entitled to a quotation of 103, particularly not at the present time, with the average rate of steel production not above 56 per cent of actual capacity. While there's method in this theory, no account is taken of Wall Street's habit of looking a considerable distance ahead in market calculations and procedure. Besides, the very fact that the price of Steel common had in the past two months been affected but indifferently by unfavorable reports of business and earnings should have carried weighty counsels of prudence to all speculators who felt tempted to enter into short commitments.

The rapid rise in this case had tonic effects on the whole active list, especially on metal and motor issues. General Motors common delighted the bull crowd by climbing from 188 to 195. Studebaker common, which sold at about 33 some months ago, recorded a gain of six points, the high figure being 90¾. Maxwell, Overland, and some

tire and rubber issues added \$1 to \$3 to their quoted values. Around General Motors stock is now the halo of a billion-dollar capitalization. It ranks second only to U. S. Steel common. The regular common dividend is \$12 per annum. Though this does not seem very much, with the quotation close to 200, enthusiasts grow voluble in recalling the splendid extra bonuses that used to come forth in 1915, 1916, and 1917. They feel sure that a similar series of largesses will be witnessed in the next two or three years. Here's hoping that the expected feast may not be of a Barmecidal character. The G. M. Co. has lately issued an additional amount (\$50,000,000) of 6 per cent cumulative debenture stock. The former issue is quoted at 90¾.

In his formal statements, Chairman Gary put special emphasis upon the wheat harvest. He said that "from present appearances, the production this year will exceed all former records." He then added that "the price of copper is increasing," that "it is expected to be selling in the near future at 20 cents," and "that most, if not all, of us are making expenditures in preparation for the future business that is coming." What Wall Street seized upon with eagerness was the statement that "the production this year will exceed all former records." It drew the conclusion that the words referred to the steel industry. Subsequently, it was pointed out that they had reference only to the wheat crop. While that may

be so, it cannot be denied that immediately before discussing the agricultural prospects, Mr. Gary did harp in an optimistic way on prospective conditions in the steel business. He did say that "there's a large and profitable business ahead;" that "the necessities of the public are piling up," and that "some may wait too long before placing orders under contemplation." He likewise declared that "patience and confidence are justified, and with these great prosperity is assured." It would appear, therefore, that Wall Street did not sin unpardonably in its first interpretation of what it considered decisive phraseology. The rhetorical arrangement was pretty clever—that much must be admitted. The *Iron Age* is authority for the following: "Though a measurable volume of business now marks the recent ushering-in of government free-trading, nowhere can it be said that the long-awaited buying movement is under way. Weighing our various reports, the conclusion is forced that pressure is gathering to such an extent that heavy purchasing cannot be long delayed."

With regard to the copper industry, it is said that the metal's quotation is close to 17 cents a pound. Important sales have been concluded at 16¾ lately. There's justification, therefore, for the enlarged demand for shares of this class, the prices of which show gains of \$1 to \$2.50 in leading instances. Demand is strongly promoted by confident talk about extraordinarily large buying for European account after ratification of the peace treaties.

The boom in oil certificates has somewhat subsided, partly as a result of the diverting of attention to motor and steel shares. Constrictive influences are exerted also by cautionary utterances by financiers and prominent newspapers, which put stress upon severe losses already suffered by many thousands of gullibles in all sections of the country. However, the spell of repression is not likely to be long. Already do we hear of preparations for a "big deal"—some sort of a consolidation of various independent oil companies. The Sinclair Oil & Refining, the Sinclair Gulf & Refining, the Oklahoma Producing and Refining, and the Houston Oil Companies are among those mentioned. The free-lance brokers and traders on the curb pricked up their ears when they were told of the organization of a new company, the Sholan Oil Corporation. They wondered if the process of consolidation had already begun. They also sought cryptic meaning in every one of the six letters. Sholan is quoted at 51 on the curb, "when, if, and as issued." The country's output of crude oil during March was 30,412,000 barrels, with consumption estimated at 28,212,000 barrels. The loss in consumption is ascribed to sharp contraction in the demand for fuel oil. March gasoline exports were 15,828,372 gallons, against 20,752,311 for February. The new Ranger Field of Texas is said to be producing 70,000 barrels of oil per day.

The values of railroad stocks indicate no important changes. They remain fairly firm at their advanced levels. The presidential recommendation that the properties be returned to their owners



at the end of the calendar year was well received on the Stock Exchange. So, too, was the announcement that the Railroad Administration had accepted bids for 200,000 tons of rails at the exact prices fixed by the manufacturers some time ago. The Director-General has estimated the 1918 deficit plus 1919 requirements at \$1,200,000,000.

The foreign exchange market still is in a bad condition, despite some rallies from latest extreme minimum figures. London is quoted at \$4.64; Paris, at 6.49 francs, and Rome, at 8.56 lire. Berlin reports that the Reichsbank's notes are protected by only 6 per cent in gold, as compared with 95 per cent in gold on August 1, 1914.

Finance in St. Louis

They are doing a pretty lively business on the St. Louis Stock Exchange these days. Both brokers and customers are making considerable money. For values are on the rise and expected to go much higher yet in the next few months. Boatmen's Bank stock is up to 137.50. Sales were made at this figure, which represents the highest in quite a long while. It's more than possible that the stock will reascend to its former level of 200 before long. Five Mercantile Trust were sold at 351 the other day. In this case, too, the tendency is unmistakably upward. Sixty-seven Mechanics-American National brought 315, and eight Title Guaranty, 75. The last-named stock was obtainable at about 56 two months ago. Some sales of National Candy common were made at 79. In all probability, the price will go beyond the 80-mark, touched last January. Wagner-Electric created some excitement by advancing to 174.50, about two hundred shares being sold at or around that figure. The stock has risen about \$30 since April 1. Twenty Missouri-Portland Cement went at 77.50, and \$13,000 Independent Breweries 6s, at 51. At the banking institutions business is good. There's growing demand for loans, owing to gradual betterment in general commercial and industrial affairs and in anticipation of record-shattering profits in farming communities.

Closing Quotations.

	Bid.	Asked.
Boatmen's Bank.....	134	136 1/2
Mechanics-American National.....	320	
Mercantile Trust.....	350	
St. Louis Union Trust.....	330	340
United Railways com.....	2 1/4	2 1/2
United Railways pfd.....	11	
United Railways 4s.....	51	
St. L. & Sub. gen. 5s.....	49	
Fulton Iron com.....	57	57 1/2
K. C. Home Tel 5s (\$500).....	89	
Toledo Home Tel. 5s.....	92 1/2	
Certain-teed com.....	41	
Rice-Stix 2d pfd.....	97	97 3/4
Scruggs, V. & B. com.....	50	
Scruggs, V. & B. 1st pfd.....	80	85
Ely & Walker com.....	145	147 1/2
Ely & Walker 1st pfd.....	105	
Ely & Walker 2d pfd.....		90
International Shoe com.....	115	
Hydraulic P. Brick com.....	6 3/4	
Hydraulic P. Brick pfd.....	38 1/2	
Hamilton-Brown.....		117 1/2
National Candy com.....	82 3/4	83
National Candy 1st pfd.....	107	
National Candy 2d pfd.....	99 1/2	
Wagner Electric.....		173
Maryland Refining.....	6 3/4	6 1/2

Answers to Inquiries

D. O., St. Louis.—Tennessee Copper & Chemical, quoted at 14 3/4, seems a promising speculation for a patient party. While it has not acted well so far, since the fall from 21 to 12 1/2 last February, there's sufficient cause for

believing that it should go at least ten points higher before September 1. The company is about to enter the fertilizer trade on a large scale. To raise the necessary funds, 400,000 shares of voting trust certificates will be issued, stockholders to have the right to subscribe on a share-for-share basis at \$12.50. The issue has already been underwritten. Hitherto, the sulphuric acid produced has been sold, under contract, to the International Agricultural Corporation. This contract will soon terminate. That no dividend has been paid since May, 1918, doesn't necessarily indicate financial weakness. Conserving surplus earnings for constructive purposes is commendable policy. Steel common has risen from 98 to 107 1/4 since the omission of the extra dividend.

CURIOUS, Billings, Mont.—(1) Anaconda Copper should go materially higher still if present hopes of economic aggrandizement are substantially realized. The current quotation is 69 1/2, or the highest since last November. In 1916, 105 3/8 was paid by some enthusiastic speculators. If the price of copper metal should again be raised to about 25 cents a pound, A. would undoubtedly be rated at 85 at least. (2) You should hold your Butte-Copper & Zinc, now selling at 13. The fact that company produces large quantities of manganese ore, besides lead, silver and zinc ores, constitutes guaranty that its earnings will grow very materially in the next industrial revival. The manganese ore is treated at the Anaconda's electrical furnaces at Great Falls.

V. M. S., Beardstown, Ill.—The stock of Libby, McNeill & Libby Co. is actively dealt in on the New York curb, the present price being 32. Par value is \$10; total capital stock, \$12,800,000. Company was organized in 1903, and is mostly controlled by the Swift Packing Co. Stock is thought to be on a 10 per cent basis. The first dividend of 5 per cent was paid January 15, 1919. Company's annual sales estimated at \$300,000,000. It will doubtless be to your interest to cling to your certificate.

READER, Cleveland, O.—It would be a mistake to sell Lake Erie & Western preferred at a loss. Present price of 21 1/2 compares with 53 3/4 in 1917. By and by the stock should be valued at 40 at least. There's no probability, though, of an early resumption of dividends.

QUESTION, Austin, Tex.—(1) Sequoyah Oil & Refining is a decidedly inferior speculation, though down to 75 cents a share. Par value is \$1; total capital \$1,500,000. That it might return to former high levels is very doubtful. (2) You ought to stick to your holdings of Saxon Motor.

Young People's Orchestra

The Young People's Orchestra—forty strong—conducted by Victor Lichtenstein, the noted violinist and music critic, will give its eighteenth annual concert at the Sheldon Memorial on Thursday evening, May 29. Among the soloists will be Miss Lois Goff, Elmer Lutz, Earl Gottschalk; Soll Lichtenstein will be at the piano, Charles H. Galloway at the organ, Max Steindel and P. G. Anoton will play 'celli, Robert Buhl bass, John P. Kiburz, flute. The program follows:

PART I.

- a America
- b See the Conquering Hero Comes—Handel Violin Choir

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DRAMATIZATION OF

THE UNPARDONABLE SIN By MAJ. RUPERT HUGHES.

Coming Shows

- Overture—Don Juan.....Mozart  
Orchestra
- Two Movements from the Spanish  
Symphony.....Lalo  
Earl Gottschalk
- Unfinished Symphony.....Schubert  
(In Memory of Lieut. Jerome L. Goldman,  
killed in Belleau Wood, June 12, 1918)  
Orchestra
- PART II.  
a A Little Folk Song.....Komzak  
b A Fairy Tale.....Komzak  
c March Militaire.....Schubert  
String Orchestra
- Songs for Baritone  
a Aria from "The King of  
Lahore".....Massenet  
b Longing.....Sibella  
c Hats Off! The Flag!.....Burnham  
Elmer Lutz
- Piano Solo—Papillons (Butterflies)—  
Schumann  
Sol Lichtenstein
- Concerto in B Minor for Four Solo  
Violins.....A. Vivaldi  
Jules F. Silberberg, Clarence Maurer  
Earl Gottschalk, Ralph Swain
- Songs for Soprano  
a Spring Song (Samson and  
Delilah).....St. Saens  
b Promis' Lan'.....H. T. Burleigh  
c Thy Beaming Eyes.....MacDowell  
Miss Lois Goff
- Selection "Pagliacci".....Leoncavallo  
Orchestra

The Grand Opera House will have an excellent bill next week, headed by Ruth Curtis and her jazz band in "Singin' and Bluin' the Blues," direct from the Chicago Hippodrome. Other numbers will be The Four Buttercups, four beautiful women with good singing voices; Glenn and Jenkins, two colored entertainers in "The Street Manicurist," the old favorites, Keane and Walsh, in a new comedy called "Between the Acts," Cornalla and Wilbur, acrobats; Boothby and Everdean, novelty songs and a travesty; Gertrude Beck, pretty vocalist; Bell and Wood, presenting "Fads and Fancies from Danceland," Juanita, aerialist; the Animated Weekly, Town Topics, Ditmar Animal pictures, Mutt and Jeff and other film comedies.

He—But do you think I could deceive my own little wife? She—No, I know you couldn't; but you are silly enough to try.—Dallas News.

When passing behind a street car look out for the car approaching from the opposite direction.





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